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MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

EXCALIBUR

Captain

BRITAIN

FEATURING:



**BATTLE OF
BRITAINS!**



**PLUS 3
MORE
ALL-NEW
FEATURES!**

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS™

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EXCALIBUR "HAVING A WILD WEEKEND" 1

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COLDBLOOD "RISE AND SHINE" 18

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SUB-MARINER "DYING IN PARADISE" 26

WRITER — Don McGregor
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"ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST" — PART 3 OF 8
It's mutants vs. madness! The craziness continues as Captain Britain faces a couple of his most unlikely foes.

And, if enemies aren't enough, wait till you get a load of the Captain's awesome allies! It's enough to drive anyone over the edge!

"LOSING CONTROL" — PART 21 OF 25

Well, gang, you don't really think we can re-cap twenty chapters in three or four sentences, do you? Of course not. And anyhow, you've all been following the Panther's harrowing quest through South Africa, trying to locate his mother. — So what do you need with a re-cap?

And to heck with those nay sayers who wonder if Terry Kavanagh and Don McGregor are in their right minds for running a twenty-five-part serial. We have faith in you, gang.

We know you aren't asking what those effendi without faith might ask (Why twenty-five?) to which Terry and Don answer, "Because it wasn't thirty?"

"THE MAZE" — PART 8 OF 10

Bent on rescuing Gilda Dyrson, the woman who brought him back to life, Coldblood returns to the false-Manhattan walled fortress — but not to the control of Mako. Unable to produce the promised cyborg for his masters (representatives of multi-national corporations), Mako endures threats of exposure — and then blows their departing helicopter out of the sky...

"DYING IN PARADISE"

Prince Namor, the Sub-Mariner, revels in the sea and air. He can breath in both, and move through both with ease. And since the oceans are his home he is never an accidental tourist in his chilled depths or its tropical colorful coral reef decorated inlets.

He can play with sting rays and in such moments of respite from reminders of mankind and what he's lost in his own domain, Atlantis, he is free to thrill to the wonders of both ocean and sky. — But there are silent intruders in paradise!

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EXCALIBUR

HAVING A WILD
WEEKEND PART 3

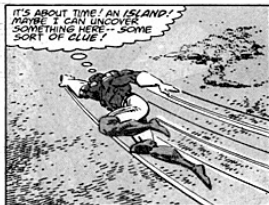
FEATURING: CAPTAIN BRITAIN

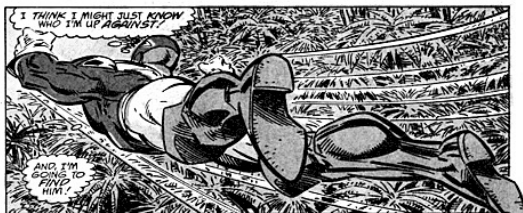
CONSCIOUSNESS...

phugghe

AIR 'AT
LAST!

ONE FLEW OVER THE
CLUCKOO'S NEST.















PANTHER QUEST

PART TWO
STARRING
THE BLACK
PANTHER

"I know it's a terrible pity, there's a lot of pain, there's a lot of suffering, you know, there are a lot of casualties, but you know it's not the fault of the nation; it's the fault of an insecure, illegitimate government that's using all the force it can, you know, to bend the will of the people."

—ZINZI MANDELA,
daughter of imprisoned anti-apartheid activist,
Nelson Mandela, from the CBS news documentary,
Children of Apartheid.

SOMETIMES IN A MANHUNT OR BATTLE, IT IS NOT THE
AMOUNT OF MEN OR WEAPONRY THAT TURNS THE SITUATION
IN YOUR FAVOR.

SOMETIMES IT IS PURE
STUMBLING LUCK THAT
GIVES YOU THE EDGE,
DOERE RIEBECK ASSESSES --

--BUT ONLY
IF YOU RECOGNIZE THE MO-
MENT AND
CAPITALIZE
ON IT.

LUCK IS A
WILL O' THE
WISP, DOESN'T
ANNOUNCE HIS
ARRIVAL OR
DEPARTURE.

YOU COULDN'T CALL IT
STRATEGIC ACCOMPLISH-
MENT; THE TROOPS DIDN'T
HAVE IDEA ONE THERE
WAS AN AIRCRAFT HIDEIN'
IN THE WELD.

THEY WERE SEARCHING FOR A MAN.
IT WAS WHEN ONE OF HIS SOLDIERS
TRIED TO WALK OVER A HILLOCK,
WHICH PITCHED HIM RIGHT ON HIS
DUFF, THAT LUCK CAME WITH STUPE-
FYING SUDDENNESS.



THE HILLOCK TURNED OUT TO BE CAMOUFLAGE TARPULIN FOR THIS BLACKELY CONSTRUCTED AIRCRAFT.

DOUBTLESS IT BELONGED TO THEIR QUARTY--THE BLACK PANTHER.



THE MINISTER OF SECURITY STUDIES SGT VAN DER MERWE, GREY EYES NARROWING WITH CONCERN.

VAN DER MERWE TAKES ALMOST SADISTIC PLEASURE EACH TIME HE BASHES THE MACHINE.



LIKE EACH WHACK IS HITTING THE MAN WHO OWNS IT.

BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, VAN DER MERWE WANTS THE KILL TOO DESPERATELY.

SUCH PASSION COULD MAKE HIM AN ASSET--

GIVE YOU
!%#*%*!!



--BUT WITH EQUAL POSSIBILITY A LIABILITY.

I'LL BREAK YOU YET.

OR IT'LL BREAK YOU.

NOT TOO LIKELY!

FROM THE MOON'S POSITION, T'CHALLA REALIZES IT IS GARELY TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

IN THIS BRIEF, MOONLIT QUIET OF RESPIRE FROM BATTLE, DEATH, DESPAIR, ANGER, AND OTHER EMOTIONAL, AS WELL AS, PHYSICAL TRAUMAS--

-- HE COULD SWEAR HE HAS BEEN MOVING IN SOME REGION OF ETERNAL NIGHT.

YET, THE DARKNESS IS SIX HOURS OLD AT MOST, AND HIS FINAL CONFRONTATION OF THE NIGHT IS YET TO BE FACED.

STILL, THERE IS A MOMENT OF CANTABLERIE WITH ZANTI, A MOMENT TO CONFIDE AND EXPLAIN AND PLACE INTO SOME SORT OF ORDER THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS THAT LED HIM TO REASON WHO IT WAS THAT KNEW WHERE HIS MOTHER IS.

HE WILL TAKE ZANTI BACK TO MURIAM, BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR DEVIL'S DEAG. GOOD. BYE IN THE DARKNESS.

WAIT UP A MINUTE!

THE NIGHT WILL BE LONELIER WITHOUT ZANTI.

DON'T GO LIKE A GAZELLE! AARRHH! OUCH! WHAT DO YOU THINK I CAN DO, SEE IN THE STUPID DARK ROOTS WHERE STUPID DARK ROOTS HIDE?

"AND EXPLAIN A BIT SLOWER HOW YOU FIGURED IT WAS THIS... COMMUNICATIONS MAGISTRATE... WHAT'S HIS NAME?... I CAN NEVER REMEMBER THAT MAN'S NAME... FLIES OUT OF MY HEAD LIKE BALOYIS... WITCHES TO YOU... RIDING FAST ON SUMMER STORM WINDS."

"I'LL TRY AGAIN, ZANTI... AS I SAID BEFORE... AT FIRST I **BLAMED MYSELF** FOR THE SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF SOLDIERS IN THE TOWNSHIP. **QUIET...** AND THE QUICK SUCCESSION OF EVENTS WERE BLINDING ME."

"THE MORE I THOUGHT OF IT THOUGH, SO MUCH TROOP ACTIVITY FOR SO LITTLE PROVOCATION... EVEN FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT IT SEEMED TOO ABRUPT FOR SUCH EXTREME FORCE."

"CONSIDER IT... WHAT HAD WE DONE... ONLY **DISARMED TWO** SOLDIERS WHO SHOULD HAVE HAD NO IDEA WHO I WAS."

"THEN CONSIDER THIS... THERE WAS **IMMEDIATE KNOWLEDGE** OF WHO I WAS... NOT A SUSPICION... NO **INVESTIGATIVE INQUIRY**. ANTON PRETORIUS HAD MY PICTURE READY AS CHIEFTAIN AND THE PANTHER FOR THE NEWS AT THE END OF THAT DAY."

"HE CLAIMED IT WAS ME TO THE AUDIENCE AT LARGE AND SET OUT THE MANHUNT. AND THAT'S BECAUSE... **HE KNEW I WAS HERE!**"

"HIS MERCENARY, GORE, HAD TOLD HIM. SO, HE SET ABOUT TRYING EVERY WAY HE COULD DEVISE TO STOP ME."

"HE HAD ACCESS TO **INFLUENCE** MILITARY DECISIONS. AND HE **USED** THOSE FORCES TO BACK UP HIS MERCENARY UNIT... IN THE CHANCE THAT I MIGHT MANAGE TO ELUDE GORE."

SLADE

"I'D DONE IT ONCE, WHY NOT AGAIN?"

"THAT'S WHY GORE HAD A **SPY** WATCHING SLADE'S STORE."

"IT WAS **RELAYED** TO GORE WHEN I ARRIVED. AND GORE INFORMED PRETORIUS. THAT'S HOW THE TROOPS WITH THE TEAR GAS ARRIVED SO QUICKLY."

PRETORIUS'S NATURAL CAUTION WAS DYING TO DESPERATION.

BY NOW HE WAS *PRODDING* EVERYBODY...THE ARMY... HIS OWN PERSONAL SECURITY FORCES LED BY GORE.



WITH EACH *NEW INCIDENT* HE APPEARS TO HAVE BECOME MORE DETERMINED TO KEEP IT ALL *UNDER CONTROL* AND CURTAIL MY EFFORTS.

BUT HIS DESPERATION WAS MAKING HIM *CARELESS*. IN ONE OF HIS BROADCASTS, HE SAID SOMETHING HE SHOULD NOT HAVE READILY KNOWN...



...my father's name--

--T'Chaka.



AND OUTSIDE OF WAKANDA, WHO KNOWS MY FATHER'S NAME--

--BUT MY MOTHER.



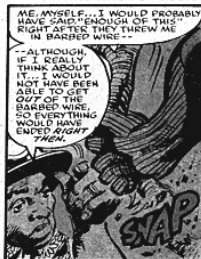
YES, IF I DO NOT HAVE A CONCUSSION.

THIS...PREYTA... WHATEVER... CERTAINLY TRIED TO PERSUADE YOU TO GIVE UP.



ME, MYSELF... I WOULD PROBABLY HAVE SAID "ENOUGH OF THIS" RIGHT AFTER THEY THREW ME IN BARBED WIRE--

--ALTHOUGH, IF I REALLY THINK ABOUT IT... I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET OUT OF THE BARBED WIRE, SO EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE ENDED RIGHT THEN.



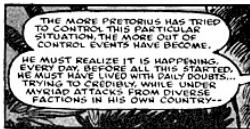


PRETORIUS HAS TRIED TO CONTROL EVERY SITUATION.



I IMAGINE THAT IN HIS GOVERNMENTAL POSITION, PRETORIUS IS ENSNARED BY CONVENTIONAL POLICIES THAT DICTATE THAT HE TRY TO MANIPULATE AND REPUDIATE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE AGAINST HIS POLITICAL PARTY'S POLICIES.

--AS WELL AS SUPERVISING AND DIRECTING THE ACTIONS OF THE PEOPLE WHO SUPPORT HIM. AND YET, EVEN WITH HIS OWN PEOPLE, TRY AS HE MIGHT, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT WHO OR WHAT IS CONTROLLABLE.



THE MORE PRETORIUS HAS TRIED TO CONTROL THIS PARTICULAR SITUATION, THE MORE OUT OF CONTROL EVENTS HAVE BECOME.

HE MUST REALIZE IT IS HAPPENING, EVERY DAY, BEFORE ALL THIS STARTED. HE MUST HAVE LIVED WITH DAILY DOUBTS... TRYING TO CREDIBLY, WHILE UNDER MYRIAD ATTACKS FROM DIVERSE FACTIONS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY--



--AS WELL AS CRITICISM FROM OUTSIDE HIS COUNTRY... HAVE SOME MOMENTS OF MISGIVING ABOUT DEFENDING A SYSTEM...APARTHEID... AS A WAY OF LIFE... A WAY THAT HE MUST KNOW, WITH OR WITHOUT BLOOD-SHED, CANNOT SURVIVE INDEFINITELY.

MY PRESENCE HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A PERSONAL LOSS OF CONTROL FOR HIM.



BUT WHAT DOES PRETORIUS... IS THAT HIS NAME?... HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR MOTHER? WHY SHOULD HE EVEN CARE WHETHER YOU ARE HERE...OR ON THE MOON?

I WISH I COULD ANSWER THAT. I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT--

EXCEPT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



SLADE SET IT ALL IN MOTION WHEN HE CONTACTED ME AND PRETORIUS. THAT WAS WHEN SLADE THOUGHT HE COULD CONTROL EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED.

BUT I MUST CONFESS, ZANTI... I HAVE MY OWN FEARS.

YOU?



MY EMOTIONS ARE ALL JANGLED...

RAGGED...

...A CONFUSION OF ANGER AND FEAR.

I AM NOT SURE I CAN CONTROL MY ACTIONS OF WHAT I MIGHT DO--



...WHAT I MIGHT BE CAPABLE OF DOING.

THE GREAT CAT HEARS AN UNCOMMON NOISE, FAR OFF-CARRIED, ON STILL NIGHT WIND.

HE IS ALERT, TENSING--

--SENSES QUESTING OUTWARD TO DETECT IF THE SOUND IS REPEATED--

--AND CAN BE LOCATED AND IDENTIFIED.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? I DON'T THINK YOU ARE CONTROLLING YOURSELF VERY WELL RIGHT THIS MOMENT.

WAIT, ZANTI! LET ME LISTEN.

TO WHAT?

YES, THERE IT IS AGAIN. METALLIC DISCORDANCE.

COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE SONAR GLIDER!

AND WHAT ELSE IS MADE FROM METALS OUT HERE IN THE WOODS AND HEARDY ROLLING HILLS OF MAIZE?

A GROUP OF PEOPLE HAS FOUND IT! HE MUST GET THERE!

YOU'D BETTER TURN AROUND AND GO BACK!

WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?

THE SONAR GLIDER IS HIS ONLY MEANS OF QUICK TRANSPORT TO DEVIL'S PEAK.

IF THE SONAR GLIDER IS DESTROYED, HIS CHANCES OF ESCAPING SOUTH AFRICA UNDETECTED ARE SEVERELY CURTAILED!

THAT IS PROVIDING HE SURVIVES THE RECEPTION THAT WILL MOST ASSUREDLY BE AWAITING HIM AT DEVIL'S PEAK.

HEY! DON'T RUN OFF!

YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE ME HERE LIKE THIS.

THAT'S NOT RIGHT!

YOU HEAR ME?

YOU HEAR EVERYTHING ELSE EVEN WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO HEAR...

...YOU OUGHT TO HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING!

THE CLAMOR IS DEAFENING NOW--

--SCREECHING
AT HIM TO
HURRY--

--BUT HE
FORCES HIM-
SELF TO SLOW
AND SURVEY
WITH CHARY
CAT EYES--

HE BREATHES SILENTLY IN
THE SHADOWS, ALMOST
AFRAID TO LET THE AIR
OUT OF HIS LUNGS, LEST
SOME SOLDIER NOTICE IT.

HE MUST NOT
RUSTLE THE
BLADES OF MAIZE--

--NOT RISE ABOVE THEIR
HEIGHT WHERE HE MIGHT
BE SPOTTED.

HE MUST REACH THE GLIDER,
BUT HE WOULD NEVER MAKE
IT IN A STRAIGHT CHARGE.

TOO MANY WEAPONS,
TOO MANY FINGERS ON
TOO MANY TRIGGERS.

BULLETS WOULD RIP THE
NIGHT AND CLAIM HIM,
BRING HIM DOWN BLOODY--

--TOO MANY WOUNDS FOR THE
SACRED HEART SHAPED ACROSS
TO MEND AND STANCH
THE FLOW OF BLOOD.

YOU...

...ARE... ONE... STUBBORN
MAN, SUT.

YOU
KNOW
THAT?



STUPID
ROOT,
GET OUT
OF MY
WAY!



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME RIEBEECK
HAS SEEN HIS QUARRY IN THE
FLESH.

A REAL MAN OF
WEIGHT AND HEIGHT,
NOT JUST PHOTO
IMAGES.



MANAGED TO SOMEHOW
MANEUVER PAST THE
TROOPS STATIONED
ABOUT HE WOULDN'T
HAVE THOUGHT
THAT POSSIBLE.

VAN DER MERWE WAS
RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING--
THIS IS NOT A MAN TO
UNDERESTIMATE!



WAKANDA'S TECHNICIANS HAVE MADE THE GLIDER VIRTUALLY THEFT-PROOF.

IT CAN BE BLOWN TO SCRAP METAL OUT OF THE SKY BY DIRECT HITS--

--WAKANDA'S RESEARCHERS HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT A WAY PAST THAT YET, BUT IF ANYONE WANTS TO GET INTO IT WITHOUT DESTROYING IT, THEY BETTER HAVE A SONAR EMANATOR KEY SET TO THE FREQUENCY OF THIS LOCK.

THE KEY DOES NOT ENTER LOCK OR SEAM, BUT THE VIBRATIONS PITCHED TO THE COCKPIT SEAL INVISIBLY CONNECT.

WAKANDA'S DESIGNERS AND WAKANDI TRUST HE WON'T GROW ASSENT-MINDED AND MISPLACE THE SONAR EMANATOR AND EFFECTIVELY LOCK HIMSELF OUT.

HE HAS NEVER HUNTED THAT IT HAS OCCURRED ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION.

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THIS TIME! I'M BRINGING YOU

DOWN!

IF THEY GET THEMSELVES ORGANIZED, T'CHALLA WILL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO GET HIS MAGNIFICENT MACHINE OFF THE GROUND.

DON'T SHOOT HIM!

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO KILL HIM! HE'S DONE NOTHING WRONG!

VAN DER MERWE WHIRLS AT THE AREA OF THE SHOUTING.

NO ONE IS STOPPING HIM THIS TIME!

CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE...



Chapter
8

COLD BLOOD IN: RISE AND SHINE

THE MAZE



ARE YOU... UH... SURE ABOUT THIS, HEND? I MEAN, WHEN THE CORPORATIONS FIND OUT YOU SHOT DOWN THOSE HELICOPTERS...

IF MULTI-NATIONAL CORPORATIONS WISH TO BEHAVE LIKE SOVEREIGN STATES UNTO THEMSELVES, THEY MUST LEARN TO EXPECT WARS. SCHIRMER--AND THE ATTENDANT TRAGEDIES OF WAR.

INDEED, THAT IS WHAT PROJECT: ULTRA-TECH IS ALL ABOUT.

BUT... WE WERE WORKING FOR THEM...

AS WE SHALL AGAIN--AS SOON AS I DELIVER THE PROTOTYPE FOR THEIR CIBORG ARMY.

BUT WHAT IF THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME TO RECAPTURE COLDSCOLD? THEY'LL BE INVESTIGATING THE DISAPPEARANCES OF...

WE NEED BUT ONE NIGHT, SCHIRMER.

TONIGHT-- A SINGLE NIGHT OF MADNESS FOR MY REINEGADE MASTERPIECE.

AND BY THE WAY, DO YOU THINK SUCH A "ONE-MAN ARMY" COULD ACTUALLY PREVAIL OVER ALL OUR FORCES?

WELL I... I DON'T KNOW, SIR...

NO MATTER-- SINCE WE MAY NOT EVEN NEED OUR TROOPS.



SIR? IF YOU MEAN YOU INTEND TO... UH... RELY ON OUR ROBOTICS ALONE, I...

... I FEEL I MUST POINT OUT THAT HE'S LIKE A ROBOT HIMSELF--YET CONTROLLED BY SUPERIOR HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

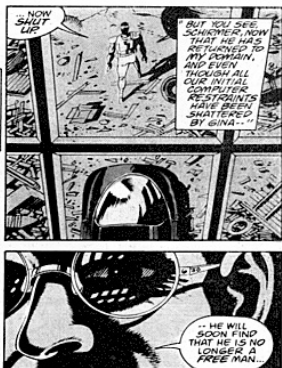
HUMAN INTELLIGENCE LINKED TO A COMPUTER, SCHIRMER--OUR COMPUTER.

BUT GINA F. FREED HIS COMPUTER...

INDEED-- WHICH IS WHY HE MUST ENTER OUR TRAP, TO FREE HER.

YOU MEAN HE FEELS A SENSE OF DUTY-- MAYBE EVEN LOVE...?

"LOVE." NOW YOU SOUND LIKE CHARLES--OR TREACHEROUS GINA HERSELF.





-- HAND-LASERS!



IMMEDIATE DEFENSE MODE!



HATS--?
WHAT ARE
YOU--

WHILE SOME PEOPLE
WEAR SEVERAL HATS,
COLOBLOOD, MAKO'S
ROBOTS CAN BE
INFINITELY ATTIRE



A KID??

SOMEHOW... MAKO MADE
ME KILL A KID?

WHAT YOU
SAW FIRST
AS A PRIEST,
YOU SEE
SECOND AS
A CHILD.



WHY BELIEVE YOUR
SIGHT NOW?

EXPLAIN,
COMPUTER!

I MADE YOU KILL THE
ROBOT, MAKO MERELY
MADE YOU THINK
YOU KILLED A CHILD.





WELCOME TO THE
REAL PARTY,
CHARLES.



QUITE SHOCKING,
IS IT NOT? ALTHOUGH
WE EXPECTED YOU.



AHRRR! G-GOTTA
GET YOU... F-FREE,
GINA...

--MAKO
WONDERED
WHICH OF
HIS OTHER
COLLEAGUES
MIGHT TURN--



--AS
MAKO WELL
KNEW--



--WAS YOU,
CHARLES!

RUN,
GINA!

GET
OUT OF
HERE!



SHE'S
ESCAPING,
MAKO!

INDEED,
SCHIRMER.

AND WE'RE
GOING TO
LET HER GO.

"... STRAIGHT INTO THE SAME MADNESS OUR GOLDBLOODED CYBORG NOW ENJOYS."

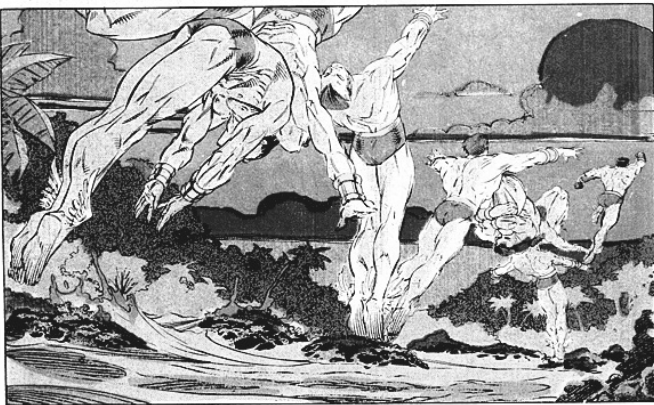
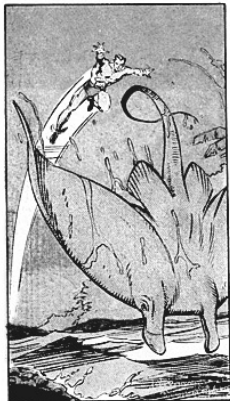




THE
**SUB-
MARINER**

**"DYING IN
PARADISE"**











**DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT
DRINKING, SWIMMING OR
ENGAGING IN ANY WATER
ACTIVITY IN THIS AREA.**

-- THE LONGFELLOW RAINES SODIUM
SALTS CORP., A SUBSIDIARY OF RAINES
INTERNATIONAL, BERGEN BEACH,
BROOKLYN -- MAKERS OF THE FINEST
IN PAPER AND GLASS PRODUCTS.





BLACK PANTHER

LOSING CONTROL!

COLDBLOOD
IN THE MAZE!

SUB-MARINER

DYING IN
PARADISE!



